

"I know not the truth and have lived as a
coward; and
have not devoted myself to you; I have
not seen you,
nor sung your glory; O Graceful, I pray
you save me.

"I have been a burden in the life of the world.
I strayed
from the path and joined evil men. There is
no one to
save me and I have come to you. O
Magnanimous One,
Sweet Musician, Father, take me
across."

A large number of the songs of the Dasas
relate
to the *story* of Krishna, the
individual soul being
thought of as beloved of God and the
love of God
described in terms of human love.
Some of these
pieces show keen love of nature's beauty.
In one the
maiden waking to the love of Krishna asks
her friend
who it is that is playing so sweetly on
the flute in
Brindavana; holding it in his hands
soft as tender
leaves. The hill side, she sees, is filled
with the sound
and the birds have gathered round the
flutist. Is it
possible to go and see Krishna
immediately? Who
is it playing on the flute? The cows
have forgotten
to graze and Jumna has slowed down her
pace. With
cowherds tending their cows all round,
who is it, so
graceful and handsome playing his
flute in *Brinda-*
vana? The elder one who has known the
joy of the love
of God tells her it is Krishna and
the Gods have
shed heaven's flowers on Him. "Go and
see in *Brinda-*
*vana** It is Sri Krishna in the Kadamba
forest, tending

cows; go and
see/

Some of the songs written to describe
divine love
by this metaphor have forgotten that it is a
metaphor.

This is the dilemma of symbolic writing. A
simile is
taken to explain in terms of something
familiar some
truth that is considered abstruse. The
abstruseness
is indeed removed but the truth is
removed with it